

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

february 2022



BLUE
KODALY
RHIADRA
MILLS



BOCCACCIO
RUST
RAKSHOWES
MESMERISER

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Chilean Meditation Zati Kodaly contributes a stunning poem that soothes and startles. Another wonderful work.

Sustainable Predation RoseDrop Rust entertains us with his description of the newest food fashion trend.

Chips Leep makes another appearance in one of Cat Boccaccio's splendid short short stories.

A Puppet's Tail: We're All Quite Mad Here Annie Mesmeriser entertains us further with Part Four of "A Puppet's Tail."

The visit Rakshowes teases, taunts and cajoles with this poem.

Deep Blue, Alpha Go and the Kido Sim But can the best of the AI tools deal with something like Neruval?

About the Cover: And as the excavation unfolds, what do we find but a disembodied leg sticking out of a piece of art. What is the significance? What is the motivation? Readers will need to read this month's article, "Excavation of Phil" to know.



“What other people think
of me is none of my
business.”

Bette Davis

A short play: **The App is recommended**

"The Artist is absent." This way the play begins.

The Annuntiator asks the audience: "Shall we wait for him?"
"Depends," says the audience.

"On what?" The Annuntiator asks.

"On the world," the server admin says. "I will reload the simulation with the sculpt render module, then the artist should be here." The sim is being reloaded. A stage full with actors is rezzed. The costumes are outstanding. The curator is present. The curator says to the actors, "We are waiting for the artist."

The Annuntiator says, "The greatest artist of all time is building."

A painting is being presented. Sounds of "Ah" and "Oh" are filling the world.

A roll of fine linen canvas is spread across a stretcher frame. A flow of colours distributed in gradients, like the colours of a rainbow, is revealed.

Women faint. A murmur is heard, "He is here." They must see. They can see the sculpture in the painting.

"Who needs an app?" The Annuntiator asks.

"Reality is no longer," the curator says, "The app is recommended."

Ad

or the artist?"

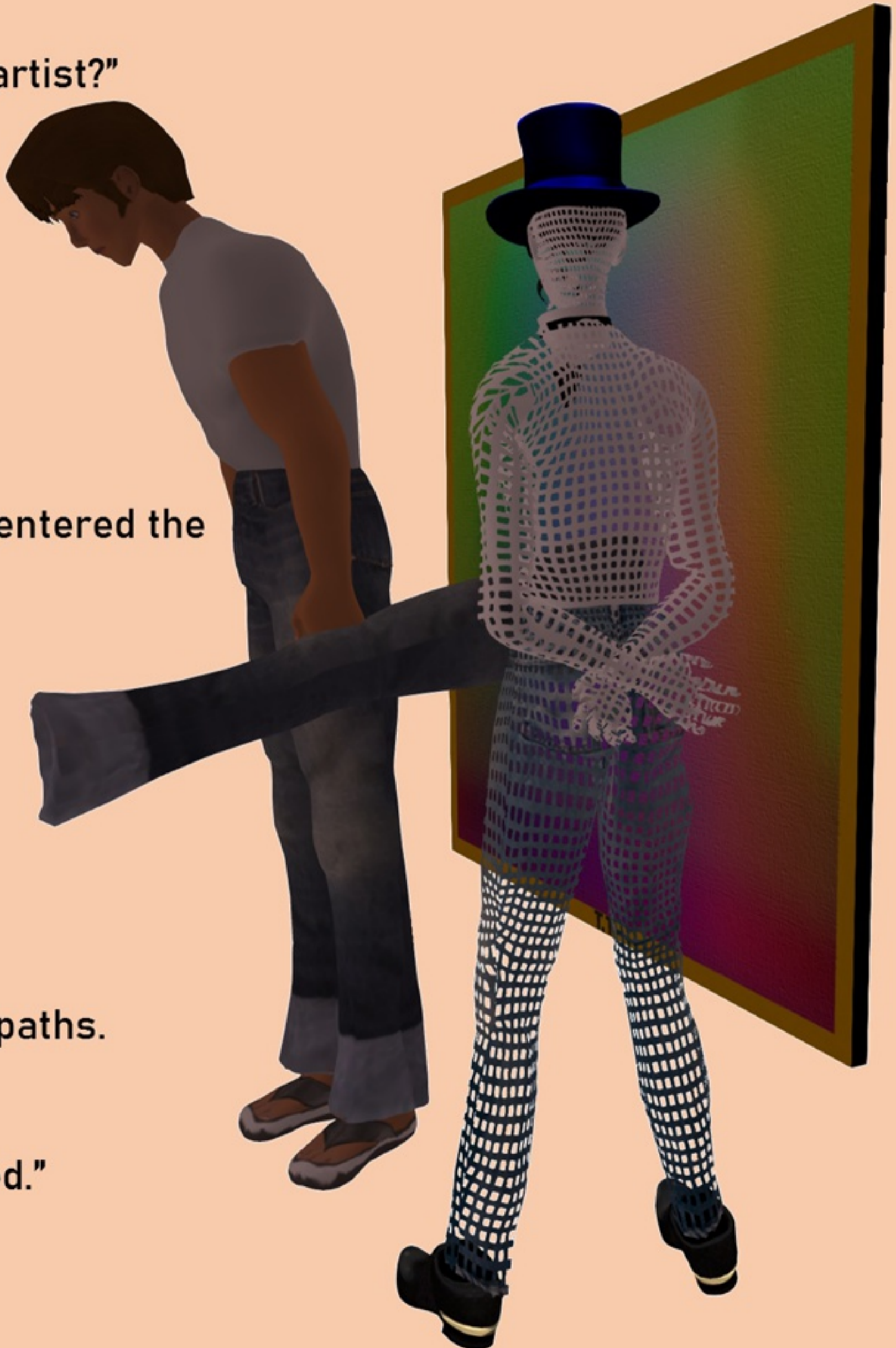
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The Excavation of P



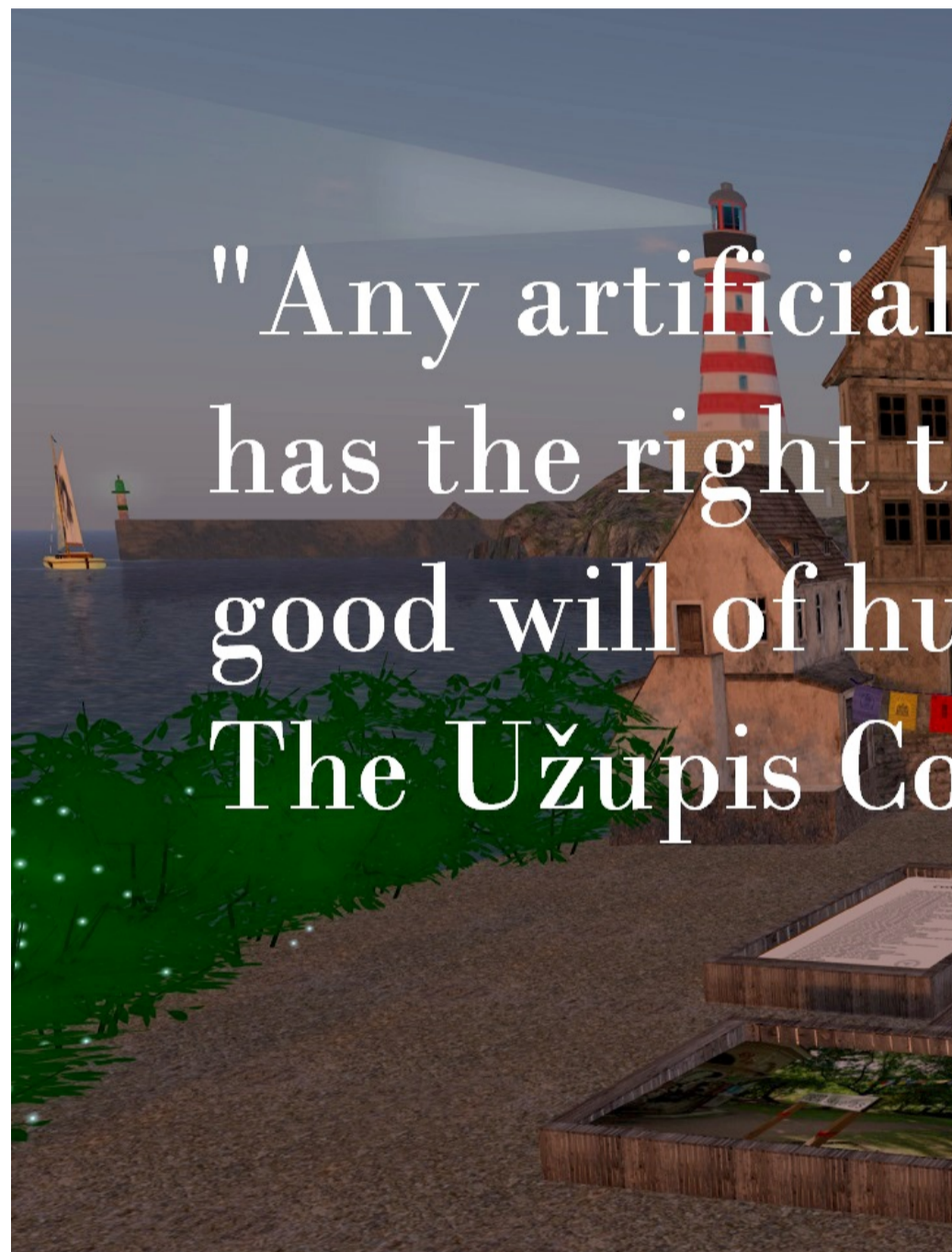
Phil by Art Blue



“Archaeologists found in Crust an artwork from the early days of prims.” This message made me jump up. A find from the beginning of the Digital Anthropocene? “Bring myself back online.” A phrase that is no longer in use, but I like it. I like things others don’t like. This is not good, I know. My social scale sucks. That’s why I don’t have the speed band where I can be at the same time in multiple universes. I have the minimum, a terabyte band. That allows me only to hyperjump. Only one avatar at a time. I need to send a request to the Hypergrid network. Mark Zuckerberg called doing this in the early times of Meta a teleport. To shortcut my words: I can’t be in the Zeniteum and my identity is not chained.

Both terms might sound scary. Zeniteum is an old word that the New Slovenian Kunst movement (NSK) grubbed out in the year 2022 and put in place for real space multiverses. The word itself was coined about 100 years earlier by the Croatian avant-gardist Josip Seissel aka Jo Klek. Also chained has nothing to do with slavery. It stands for a state of proof verification of the transport carrier, first used for transferring an AI from Amerika to Užupis and from there to the stateless state of Art, the NSK state. This points to the annex “Any artificial intelligence has the right to believe in a

good will of humanity” stated in the declaration of rights, also known as The Užupis Constitution, which was blessed by Pope Francis in the year 2018 when he visited Vilnius, the capital city of Lithuania. With every teleport I risk my life. I need to step



out of stasis and bring myself back online every time fresh.

There is a counter running that counts the remaining minutes I have. There is an old description called the maximum daily online time. The faculty that

sponsors me has to face year after year a cutback in the budget. "The hype is gone," they say. "I don't go for hype," is my stereotypical answer. I know the signs they make behind my back. You may know what I mean when in your world one makes a sound or a sign that



expresses pity, that you feel sorry for me, seeing me as the problem child where parents regret not having me put on a Tesla supercharger when there was still time for it. I like old things, very old things. Everyone trying to change me failed.

Travelling

Crust is an excavation site where a giant mesh monster was found some years ago, but times of interest are long gone. There is nothing new expected to be found. The monster is fully scanned and you can buy a replica for little money in any size and colour the way you want. Most wear the monster as a necklace. These have been my first thoughts, but you know I am interested in old things, in things before the mesh, the no-hype things. Reading the words prim art and prim age made me jump up.

I walk to the Trump Museum and I wait for the connectivity to Crust. You wonder why I go there? Is there not a teleporter on the campus from which I can go to the excavation site? There is, but the campus portal is rated as neutral. Using it does not show political participation, it shows laziness. You know my social score is not the best, and the last thing I need is to be targeted as vanilla because I'm unable to stand up for my values. You know I don't do great in socializing. I am like Hiro Deliverator. Neal Stephenson says in *Snowcrash*, "Hiro is so bright and creative but needs to work harder on his cooperation skills." So, I switch between the Trump and the Pete Museum. My doing reaches back to the Digital Jefferson Act that was launched when the Grammaverse

took the Metaverse over in the year 2047 A.D. or 27 After Meta (A.M.). Yeah, I am joking, but also there is some truth in it. In 1816, Thomas Jefferson said, “Where every man is a sharer in the direction of his ward-republic, or of some of the higher ones, and feels that he is a participator in the government of affairs, not merely at an election one day in the year, but every day; when there shall not be a man in the State who will not be a member of some one of its councils, great or small, he will let the heart be torn out of his body sooner than his power be wrested from him by a Caesar or a Bonaparte.”

The Ad industry is longing for peoples scores, for connecting points that group you and make you predictable. Voting no longer helps. They create spikes you can't run away from. Or is it much simpler? Whatever, I don't like this world but you know if you can't change a system then use it. Be pragmatic. If you always opt for the middle, your score value drops. You don't get the good coupons. Then they don't know if they can grab you with the blue or with the red coupons or by a combo of green and grey. It is no longer like in the good old times of *Facebook* where they offer you \$20 carte blanche if you spend \$20 on your next campaign. This you skip as spam. They just want my money, how disgusting! But if they offer you a six-

pack of Frozen Coke for a prolongation of your Frozen Meta campaign, then you jump up and you click for the deal. You are identified as their frozen boy. They cherish you as being unique. You log in to workplace at Meta and you dance in the Blue. You shake your head? Maybe you skipped the last issue

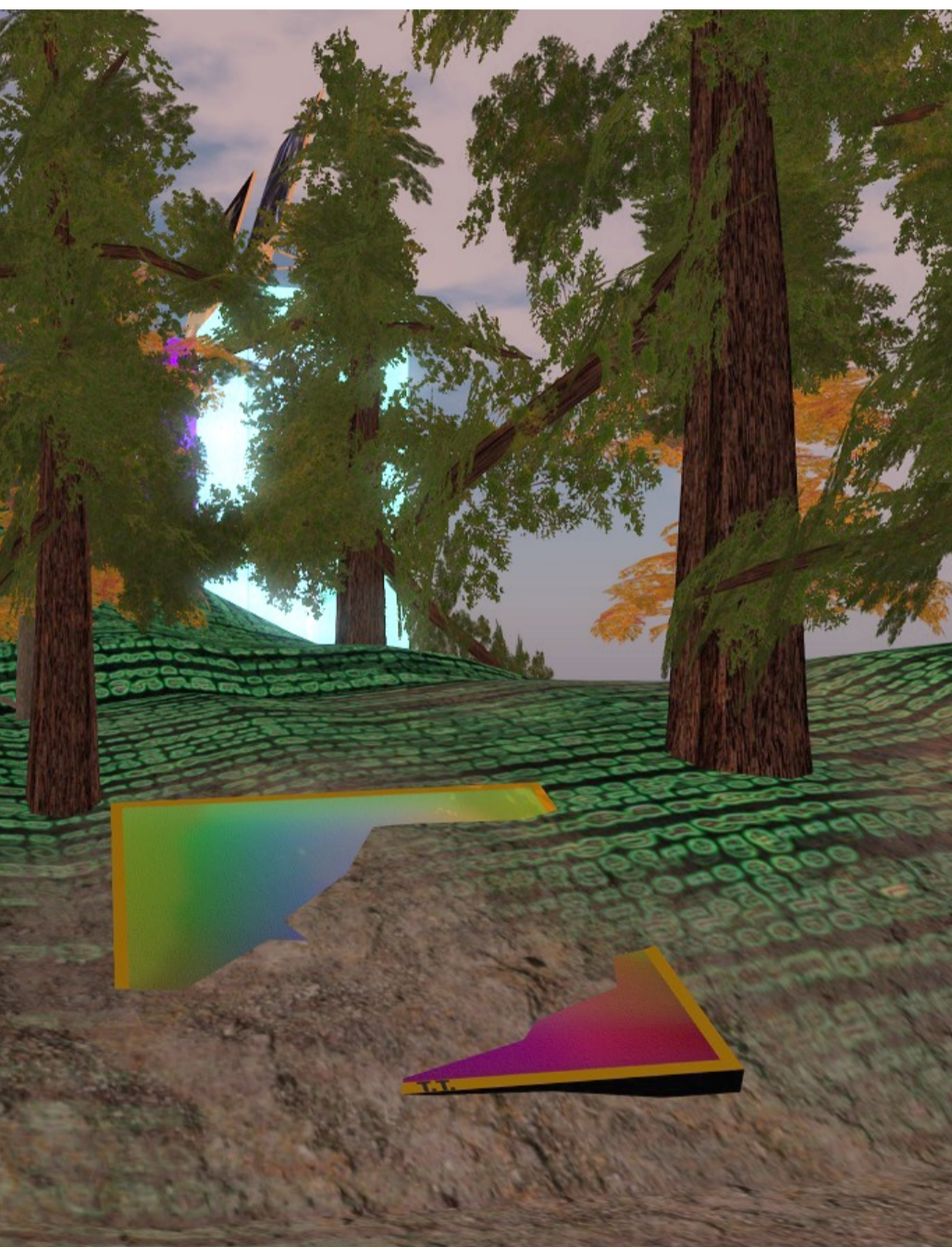


of *rez Magazine* where you could get a pizza? Whatever, time for some music while I wait with you to connect to Crust so you have time to think about what you missed, why I went to the Trump Museum. You know I am Blue and there must be depth in it: “The

Blue Hole. It's so good."

<https://youtu.be/QJ-aoo13W9o>

Listen to the Blue Hole by GMO Dense and play it loud. You found out? How you get strong scores in every world? How you get the blue coupons



when you are on Blue? And when you want to f*ck the Blue and power up and go for Red, how you get this drive in a fully chained world without paying for a change? Think for a moment. It is not "Replace Current Outfit." Listen again to The Blue Hole.

You can hear the message, "So good." You will get it, the secret is in the tunes. I give you a tip.

The founding of the artefact was in a Republican stronghold. That's why I went to the Trump Museum. I render my brain when I travel. I know that may sound cryptic. Only readers knowing Silva Mind Control will follow naturally. On the other hand, readers of *rez Magazine* like to get the facts unvarnished and can deal with the brutal reality. The solution is simple. I enter the museum with an ALT. I will go by the beams of Trump. The teleport pad in the museum knows me. I teleport as e07576be-8d20-4de2-8c7a-1e977ca52af8 with the nice display name of Covfefe Art. For whom the UUID stands you find in *Viralo*, a short story in *rez Magazine*, published May 2020. The security guy still salutes when I go in transition and particles of light beams are circulating around me. He may later tweet, "Trump has left the building." He is a fan, so I will not sue him for not calling me Art. I never steal an identity. I create them from scratch. I am a historian. Don't call me schizophrenic. You don't know the future the way I do know.

Crust

I arrive at Crust, the archaeological site that gained my attention. The place is

busy as hell. It looks like a safari of people is there. And indeed, I see the flag of HG Safari and a big easel with the slogan "We Are Going To Amerika" and a sign placed next to it, "The Amerika walk from Penig to Amerika, sponsored by Anika." They play *Blue Suede Shoes* by Elvis.

<https://youtu.be/O6BbL4DrrBo>

The song runs on loop on the landing parcel, followed by an advertisement. Everyone hears a different one. The Ad I hear offers me a special deal for golfers with a lower handicap than I have. "Lift them up! It's time champion." A voice coming from far off promises me a payback from the hotel they will stay in. They must think it's the real Trump on travel. Holy cow. What a great ALT I use. On stage, a special edition of the shoes Elvis is wearing is being offered. The shoes are not meant for me. I don't mind if you tune in and sing *Blue Suede Shoes* with Elvis.

You don't see that Elvis is wearing blue shoes? Must be your graphics card, as they doctored the blue in the video. Life is a safari, right? The HG Safari is on visit. I see many walking off the marked pathways like free donkeys roaming on Santorini. I fear they will destroy the ancient traces. But it shows my concerns are unfounded. The excavators created a

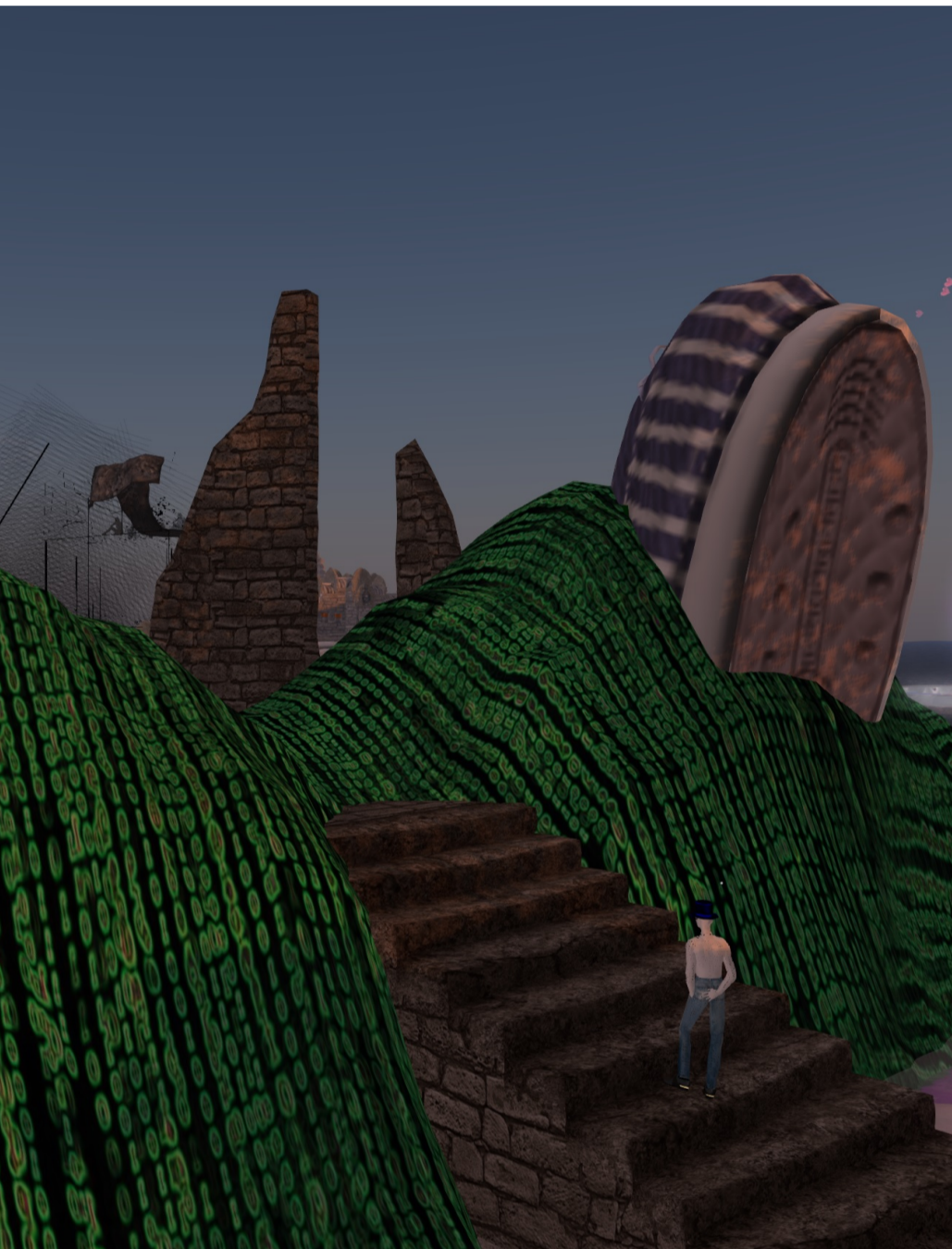
wire frame around the monster and loaded it with a static field. No one will touch the ground without having special pass-through equipment. They all head to the stage where the party will happen. I guess they will dance to the anniversary of the excavation of



Codemonkey. That's the name the monster got. The name goes back to the coder of Amerika Art. In fact, to an ALT of Art Eames, but who cares when an event is sponsored?

I see members of the safari queueing to get a place in an orb that dangles over

a pair of the shoes of the sponsor. The poster says, “The Codemonkey Ride.” Hashmask 15753 has rezzed his blockchain of avatars as an NFC art to mark the pathway from the Landing to the head of the monster. They turned the historic site to an Oktoberfest!



Horrible! You ask, “Where is the Big Wheel?” Each Oktoberfest needs to have one. I will check for you later. It might be above in the sky and I suspect that the pair of gigantic Giesswein shoes they put over the monster’s feet just points to it.

Luckily, I see a group of excavators standing near the landing. It looks like they are collecting their tools. Are they heading off? “Eh?” I say, “Where is the artefact?” One from the team looks up and points to the stage, “It was sold.” I gasp, “An artefact, sold?” The reply was short, “It was just a picture of an unknown painter.” I must have looked quite puzzled. “You can make a photo. It is low res.” I could not believe, all for nothing. I should have read the full article. I made a photo and teleported back.

The Painting

Back in my office, the reconstruction was already underway. Did I press the wrong button? I made a photo, that’s all. Oh no. I had the setting from my last trip on, the artefact capture mode. Now a complete replica will be made. It is low res the excavator said, so the print will be done in no time. And right after coming back from coffee, it was finished. A square painting on canvas, spanning a wooden frame. How shall I describe it? It looks not bad, but it is also not really artistic. It has gradients of colour flowing Red, Green and Blue. There is no message in it, no meaning to get. It looks like something you get when you play with the colour mixer for the first time. “Is this Art, or can it be trashed?” You say that I shall find better words than to translate a phrase known internationally as “*Ist*

das Kunst oder kann das weg?" You are right, I am Art Blue. Just give me a moment. I need your brain to get ready for what shall become known as the greatest discovery in matrix art, to be known as The Code of Phil. A lost form of art, a new dimension, a supernatural way of coding.

What to do when you seek words where no reality exists for them except for you? Joseph Beuys explained pictures to a Dead Hare. I explained pictures to a Dead Horse. I shall be qualified, but now I am stuck. Do you know the feeling when you have the feeling that something great is in you, you just can't get it out? How to explain the past when the memory for all others is gone? Every generation believes it to be superior to past generations. What if in the past the Gods were real and now, they have lost interest, as you think you got the words, got the ways, got the tools for an imitation? Readers who have followed me over the years know that for *Progressive Dreamers*, colours are a rhythm that calls out to me.

Listen to it. Art FAQ.

<https://youtu.be/rnJLEKJjfYY>

Alfonso Muchacho created the description of the art form.

I give the discovered piece of art a

title: *Rainbow Hash 1801*. I place a little box next to it, call it a shrine. In the shrine I put a relic. Both items I connect with a blockchain and run a Vigenère cipher. I could go by the Caesar cypher, but is this not all the same? If a piece of art is not known, it does not exist. In other words, if it can't get stolen, it can't get known.



Phil

I made it. I am no longer the problem child. I excavated the Left Leg of Phil Linden. Yeah, that is the relic that I put in the shrine as a miniature. *Rainbow Hash 1801* is the Left Leg of Phil. I

found out that the painting is a matrix of dots that are coded in a unique way so a 3-dimensional sculpture can be printed. “The sculpture is coded in colours,” I say at the Afterlife Developer Conference, and give proof with an app I made ready. “The painting of the Left Leg of Phil was given as an award in the painters



section of Amerika Art 2022 to the French artist Jaelle Faerye.” Then I present another painting, *Rainbow Hash 1804*. “This one was given to Uan Ceriaptrix, a Mexican artist. It represents the Right Leg of Phil.” Step by step, I present the full body of Phil

also known as *The Noob*.

I speak of the early steps of Avatarkunst. I deal with the translation glitch that surrounds the life and work of Tillo-Tallo. Was he the greatest artist of the first half of the 21st century, as Sean O’Connell states when Tillo-Tallo met SARINA? There was no need to explain SARINA. Everyone knows that she was the first Humex, the first false human, created by Klaus Kelvin-Bird. Tillo-Tallo’s paintings have a 3rd dimension and have been seen as holograms. I postulate that he created projections out of them, that he used an app. I see the audience being sceptical when I say that an object emanated out of the picture when a visitor stepped closer to a painting. I say, “That works by using a sensor, and with a user-tag it works with multiple instances, like in the multiverse.” I demonstrate the technology. What I don’t say is where I found the hint, that I found a catalogue of an exhibition that took place in the year 2022 in Leipzig, Germany, where all the body parts of *The Noob* are hanging on a wall. Legs, Arms, Fingers, Chest, Head, Ears. The title of the art show is *Noob42*. Instead, I say, “Until today, we did not understand why people at this time were so fascinated with the gradient flow of colours in the work of Tillo-Tallo. It looks like we deciphered now the secrets. Tillo-Tallo was a codepainter,

and he deserves the honour of an award being named after him.”

Finally, I bring up the term “User Created Reality,” as the legacy of Phil Rosedale and give a time stamp when sculpted maps have been made available: April 27, 2007. I say, “Tillo-Tallo has lifted sculpties up to an art form of its own.” Someone in the audience raises their hand asking why there is no such thing as a Phil Rosedale Award. “He is the inventor,” he said. The raised hand is a picture for the mind, is a term coming from the past that has survived, like shaking hands when becoming friends in a virtual world. Do you know where the shaking hands came from, when it was invented? Do you know also why? Yeah, then you must be a prof or an addicted reader of *rez Magazine*. It was in the year 2017 in *High Fidelity* and it was Phil Rosedale who found this solution fitting for VR worlds where when wearing a headset using a keyboard sucks.

“A good question,” I say to the one asking and add, “Maybe a budget is



needed?” The audience is laughing.

I end my talk with the words, “The coding in sculpt maps was a beacon in the history of mankind. A forgotten form of art, but now available to download at ...” and the AD industry takes over my voice and sends everyone the most effective beacon to buy my app. As I said, “If you can’t change a world, use it.”

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



Creation Myth Con

Dubhna Rhiadra

Image by Sigfodr

Continuation



The Human People continued to live on the Land, walking its pathways and receiving all the food and shelter and materials they needed. But there were times when food was scarce. Due to the tilt of the axis, there were seasons of great cold or heat that made life hard, and the People were often afraid. They would become angry with each other, hoarding what they had and fighting to take from each other.

Deep in the Earth, Snake Mother heard their cries, their fighting and fear, and her own heart cried out too. Up in their camp by the World Tree, her sisters heard her cry, and they took the longing in that cry and stirred it in their pot and wove it with the thread of Life which drew forth constantly from their stirring.

By now, the Universe was vast beyond measuring, and was filled with Spirit, which was so ancient and primordial, it was not clear whether it had even existed before the Three Sisters. One Spirit who was part of All-Spirit, heard the cry of longing as it wove itself through the dark and light matter of the Universe. He – we will call it ‘He’ – drew near to the source of the cry and touched Snake Mother with his light. They spoke wordlessly to each other.

Spirits, who were part of All-Spirit dwelled in the vastness of the



Image by Shannon-Maer

Universe, where the laws of physics sang time and space into one, only knew the joy of life. They danced between particles, ate light and existed in a state of bliss, continually creating new matter, and communing with All-Spirit. Sadness was a new experience for Spirit. He turned his attention to these beings for whom Snake Mother cared and grieved, wondering at the little sparks of Spirit that lived in finite bodies, that only knew time as a wheel which moved in one direction only. He marvelled that these little fleshy packets could live without any connection with the light and joy that pulsed at the centre of existence. He grieved along with Snake Mother at



their fear that made them hurt each other. He watched and listened and sensed the lives of these creatures that only knew what they could experience through the matter of their own bodies as they crept around on this one small ball of rock that circled around this one small star on the edge of a very ordinary galaxy. The more He watched, the more He began to understand the love Snake Mother felt for these children of Earth.

In the icy North this Spirit watched small tribes in their shelters. He saw how they squabbled and hid their supplies from each other, turning their backs as they ate so they would not see

if they had more or less than others. He saw that between them they had enough to live on through the scarcity, but if they continued as they were – each only looking after themselves – some would die while others would have more than enough. Moreover, because He wasn't bounded by time, He could also see that those who survived this winter because they had kept all they had to themselves, would still die if they didn't have others with them. Spirit who was part of All-Spirit saw what they needed to do, but that their fear prevented them.

On the longest, darkest night of all, His heart filled with so much compassion he decided to show them what was in his heart. And so it was that all over this Northern Land on the longest night in the deepest winter, all the small tribes of People saw a soft, golden light manifest in their shelters. A human figure stepped out of the light, holding out a bag or a cauldron or a basket (no-one could quite remember) full of all the People longed for – food, fuel and materials for tools and clothing. Everything needed for life in that cold time.

For a timeless moment, every one of the People shared a vision of plenty where each of the People shared gladly what they had. Everything was a gift from Earth their mother, who provided and cared for them as they must



Image by aaronsimscountry

provide and care for each other. Each heard the words:

“You are all one. You are all part of Spirit. Life is greater than any of you know. All will be well.”

With that, the Spirit that was part of All-Spirit vanished, leaving all the goods and gifts for all the People.

Something like this happened at different times and places all over the Earth where People lived. Sometimes the Spirit that was part of All-Spirit appeared as a beautiful woman holding out food, or her own breasts, to feed the people. Sometimes as an animal that would lead them to a source of water or food in a desert. The Spirit that was part of All-Spirit took many, many forms, but always a voice would be heard speaking the words, “You are all one. You are all part of Spirit. Life is greater than any of you know. All

will be well.” And all the People, wherever they were, learned their survival depended on looking after each other. They would all die in the harsh seasons if they did not pool what they had for everyone’s benefit.

Centuries passed and this piece of common sense sustained the People in all parts of the world. When anyone became too selfish with the food they had hunted or gathered they were quietly mocked and would lose their reputations unless they were willing to share what they had. Whole cultures were built around extravagant generosity, so the big-headed ones of the People could strut about and show off to their Tribes. These were judged not by how much they had, but by how much they gave away.

People still died of disease or injury, as well as old age, but elders who could not hunt or gather, for being too feeble

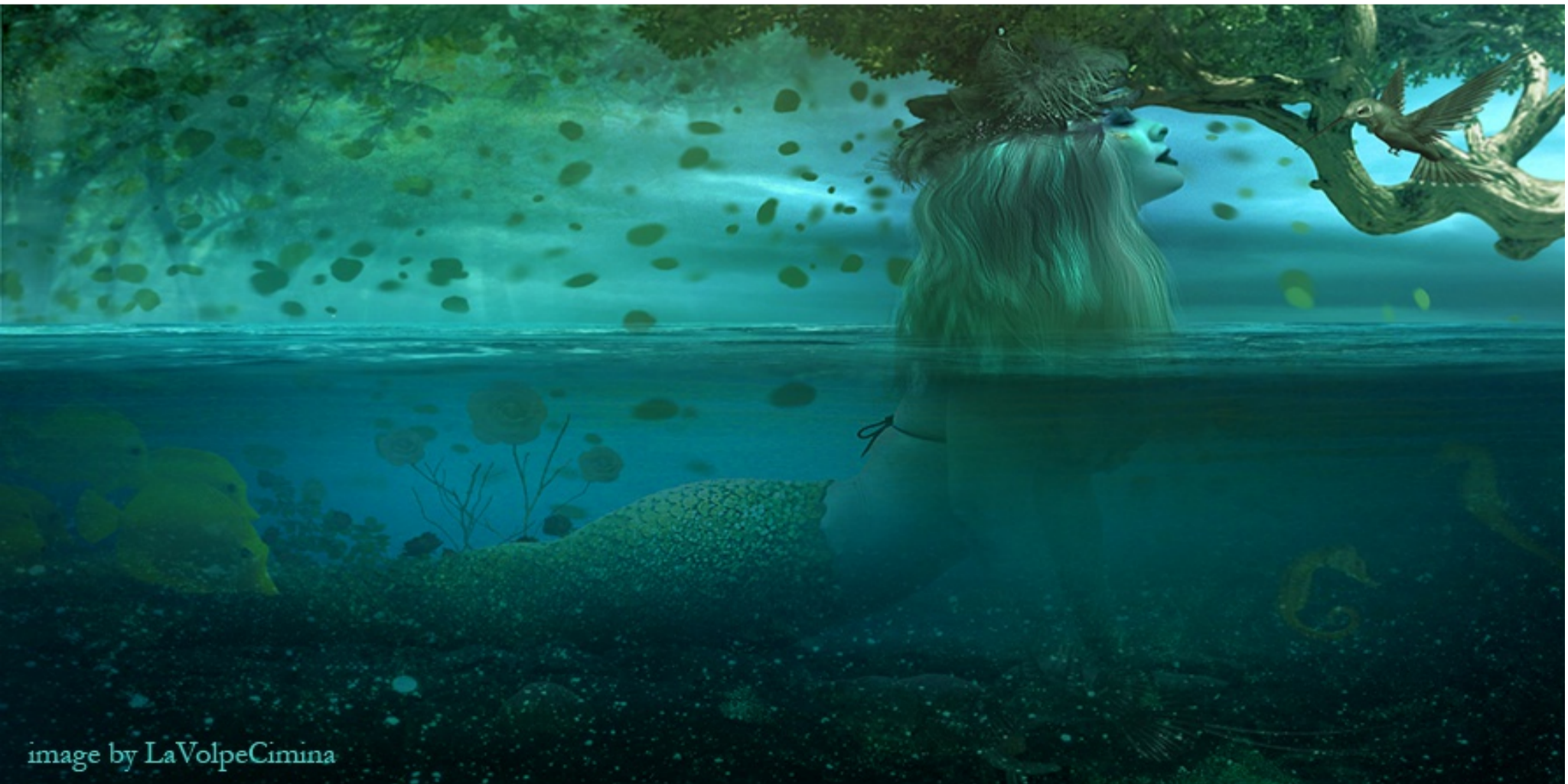
and slow, or make things for having lost their eyesight, would be valued for their memories and experience which they would pass on to the children. Always, the story of the powerful spirit who had appeared at the hardest times was told and feasts and gift-giving became the custom on that same day of the year to commemorate it.

Gradually, People learned to control their food supplies by taming both plants and animals. They kept sheep and goats and llamas for wool and milk and cultivated some types of grass grains to grow and store. The numbers of People grew. They had to work hard for the grains, but it was worth it for the food supply. They had to settle in one place to help the grains grow over a season, so they no longer walked the Land, but clustered together in settlements. They built walls and divided strips of land between them.

They began to speak of ownership, of land, houses, territory. Those who lived like this, fought battles with outsiders who still travelled from place to place, living in the old ways. These were driven away.

But the strange thing was that, once the People had their assured food supplies, more food than they'd ever had, and more of their babies lived to adulthood, the more they feared losing what they had. They built walls around their settlements and made weapons but were more afraid of other people than they'd ever been when they roamed around the Land and encountered other roaming bands.

They began to forget the vision of the Spirit that was part of All-Spirit who came to all the People in the distant past. Once again, they turned their backs on each other and hoarded what



they had cultivated in the sweat of their brows, always afraid they wouldn't have enough. They no longer cared if they saw elders or small children living without shelter or food, starving on the margins of their rich lands. They no longer remembered they were all One People. They believed the ones who starved were not theirs at all.

Some hoarded so much they no longer worked their own fields but got others to work for them – sowing and reaping and grinding grain. But they kept all the grain for themselves and only doled out what they considered was necessary to keep their labourers alive enough to work for them.

Time and time again, the Spirit that was part of All-Spirit, who had learned to love the People, would appear and speak to remind the People they were all one, that the Earth cared for them as they must care for each other, and that they were not alone. People all over the planet knew about this Spirit. They called him many names, but most of them meant something like “Grandfather” or “God.”

But every time the Spirit that was part of All-Spirit found one of the People who was willing to listen to him and go tell this message to the People, the same thing would happen. The message would be received with great enthusiasm and interest by the People,

who would make a great fuss of the one who had delivered it. Often these messengers were gifted speakers and teachers who would work hard to improve the lives of the People by persuading them to follow, or remember, the words of the Spirit that was part of All-Spirit.



But the People would heap so much praise on the messenger and treat him – it was usually a “him” – as if he was so special, the messenger would then become a powerful leader, surrounded by groups of people who would share in his power. Quickly the power became more important than the

message. Those who were attracted to power would crowd into the circle close to the messenger, and they would take the teaching and turn it into an elaborate set of rules and rituals which they would then demand everyone obey. Even when a messenger was treated badly by the rulers of his



people and seen as a threat, possibly even killed, somehow those who took the message and carried it on would still fall into the same trap.

The Spirit that was part of All-Spirit would watch sadly as his simple message to care for each other and

remember they were one with each other, the Earth and Spirit, would be lost or twisted so much it came to mean the exact opposite. Disagreements would arise about interpreting the simple message as it became more and more elaborate. Within a generation, these disagreements would be so important to the People who held opposing views, they would be ready to kill any who held a different version of the message. Armies would march and invade; terrible bloodshed and murder would be committed in the name of the message to love and care for each other. Whole complex civilizations would be built around the teachings of one messenger, but none of them would actually be following the message. Still people would starve when there was enough food for everyone. Many of the People became slaves to the powerful, either through capture in the incessant wars, or through being dispossessed of land which should never have been anyone's possession, because the Earth was Mother to all and provided for all.

Snake Mother, who had become one with the Earth, watched sadly and angrily from mountains and valleys, but still nurtured and provided.

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Chilean N

1

Morning fog melts away yet a million shade trees
are slowly molding.

Concrete-bottomed bayous blot out no horizon.
Fast clouds. Contrails of commercial jets.

Sand roses, like barbed wire, in pasty dunes.
In the Gulf my boat rides, tied to my nostalgia.

I have a leather coat a wind-god would love,
from the imperial city of Rome.

Meditation

By Zati Kodaly

2

Late sun on a lonely wall, Valparaíso,
facing the north star and every capital city I know.

Near Antarctica, I remember coyote calls
mixed with Santa Barbara foghorns and childhood,

Stunned by frescoed palaces of justice.
I foresaw this montane hideout — a soldier's flute

rising up from the valley. The cliffs, vine-wrapped
with memories of Mapuche and the Arauco War.

3

All day, a tower and I sit together, remembering Houston,
four million subtropical persons.

Here, at night, divers fish and find little.
All autumn, into lucid air, their helmet-lights bend upwards.

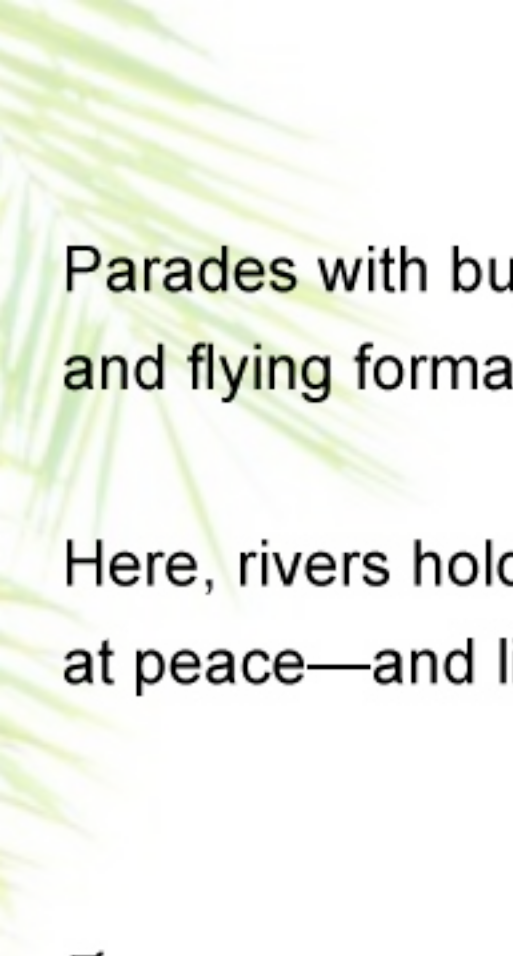
Piznarik trees are famous — mine, not.
Borges and the classics — my heart-work, unfinished.

My childhood friends are not starving. In Brentwood
they have morphed into furs and thoroughbreds, sleek and
luscious.

4

DC is a game of chess. Can't endure
sorrow of even one century of history.

I remember the city under the Pentagon.
A bubble nuclear-proof city.



Parades with buglers and drummers
and flying formations and another invasion of the west.

Here, rivers hold Andean cold. About our republic
at peace—and livable!—I'm thinking. Thinking.

5

Travelled past ancient temples and palaces
that observed Venus, constellations, and dewes of immortality.

An Italian-Argentine sculptor looks west,
carves the West Goddess and paints it with purple mist.

Near a glacial river, I wake up, this year is gone.
Can't number my mornings at the Enron building, the blue gates,

how vast rooms rustled like pheasants lifting off branches
when we met the president with Ken Lay.

6

Five thousand miles of wind and fog (dis)connect
Houston and Valparaiso. Autumn pales.

At Calyx Hill, dictators' chi echoed in secret tunnels,
but now our border grief infiltrates Lotus Park.

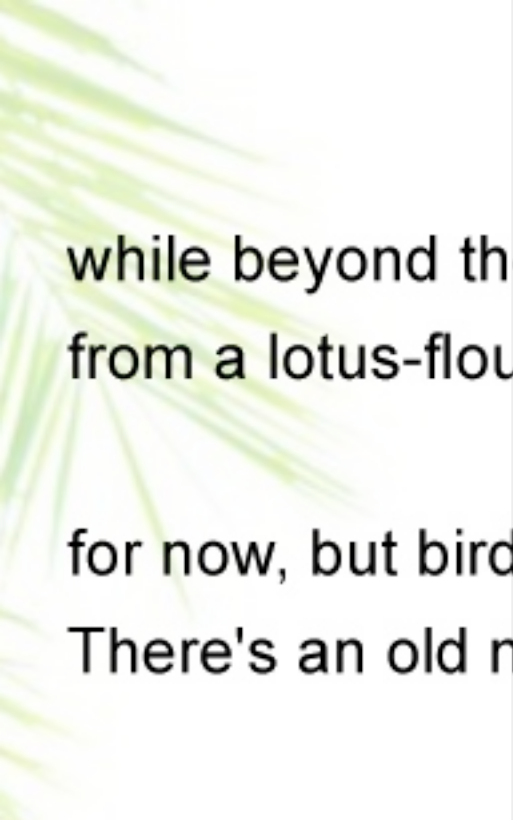
Past generalissimos, past pearl-studded curtains,
tapestried pillars, yellow cranes,

I look back, missing dancefloor music
and my state that had once been a republic.

7

We have made lakes and unmade dams,
liberated salmon and reframed bison.

Here, a statue of a blue whale,
with a titanium back, moves in autumn wind,



while beyond the harbor, waves shred leaves
from a lotus-flour farm: these breakwaters are holding
for now, but birds fly over them.
There's an old man asleep by his fishing line.

8

Travelling Kunwu Road, Yusu River spirals past
the Purple Tower to Lake Meipi, Du Fu wrote.

Saw parrots pecking at rice when it was abundant.
Said paulownia branches host a phoenix.

Elegant Chilean women in green feathers, confidant
as friends guiding their boat into late buzzing night.

My pigments, my brushes colored these journeys.
Now my grizzled head watches my own gaze falling to bitterness.



Chips

Cat Boccaccio

Leep sharpened the steak knife for quite some time, as he knew it could be more difficult slicing through raw meat than cooked, and his fingers were definitely raw.

He didn't intend to saw through the bone; no that would be stupid, and very difficult, not to mention unnecessary. This might all be unnecessary if old Anthony Gizmodo hadn't been scooped up off the street, from his usual spot on the bus stop bench in front of the liquor store, and taken to some kind of government rehab. He couldn't find out where they took him and Hannah, the liquor store manager, who usually was pretty well-informed, didn't know either.

So Leep would have to take himself off to emergency.

He'd been tracking Theresa, Anthony's daughter, for a few nights now and knew her shifts and that she was working long hours in Emergency. It was risky just turning up. She could be on a break, or busy defibrillating someone, or stocking the shelves with thin rubber gloves and vomit trays, or injecting antidotes for illegal drugs. Really, he hoped she was well-paid for this work. Leep himself was ok with blood but not with anything of any texture coming out of eyes, ears or mouths. Those kinds of things made him queasy. He had a nice chilled

bottle of Red Racer IPA to calm his nerves, and positioned the middle finger of his left hand on the bamboo cutting board.

Ok, who knew so many blood vessels and nerve endings were located on the ends of fingers?

He only cut a small piece, just the very tip, and debated whether to put it in a baggie and take it to Emergency with him, but it truly looked too flimsy to be successfully reattached so Leep disposed of it in the can under the sink. This injury should be just severe enough that he lingered in Emergency, but not so severe that they'd keep him there. He got a towel and a bag of frozen peas— holy hell, it hurt!— and made his way to the car.

Theresa, with great authority and purpose, pulled back the curtain that surrounded the bed where Leep sat perched, his hand still encased in the peas and towel. She hadn't looked him in the eye yet. But how serendipitous that it was she who was assigned to bed number 4 in the emergency ward! Leep smiled inwardly— sometimes the chips (he imagined poker chips) fell his way. Not often, but sometimes.

"Leep," she said, "is that you?"

Exactly what she'd said in the parking lot when Leep mugged her, that night

two weeks ago. Then he'd responded "No" and stole all her cash. This time he said, "Yes, I cut my finger."

She examined it, dabbed at it with some liquid on a cotton ball that hurt but didn't sting at all, then bandaged it up. All very deftly, efficiently, and while not completely ignoring Leep's grunts and winces from the pain. Holy hell.

All the while they conversed in low tones.

"I was sure it was you in the parking lot," Theresa said.

"What parking lot?" asked Leep.

"I needed that money to pay for my son's school trip."

"What happened to it?"

"You wore the same jacket and jeans the night we took my father home."

"How is old Anthony?"

Theresa smelled equally of white gardenia and disinfectant. It was actually rather comforting. She didn't wear a white uniform and white oxfords but instead a pink polyester short-sleeved pant suit and white



Adidas running shoes.

“He’s not doing well in rehab,” said Theresa.

“No,” said Leep. “I’d like to go see him though.” He held his left hand up in the air, propped at the elbow as Theresa had instructed, with his wounded middle finger extended. It was not the message Leep intended. Perhaps Theresa had endured other symbolic though unintended insults before.

Theresa didn’t respond, and instead disappeared into the hubbub of Emergency, closing the curtains firmly behind her.

Was she calling the police? That would not be a good thing. Chips were falling his way tonight though. They were tumbling through the air and landing in giant mounds at his feet. So perhaps she would find him convincing, genuine, if a bit gormless; the details of the robbery might be fading. Leep was not the kind of man to rob the daughter of the closest thing to a friend that Leep had. Was he?

When Theresa returned, she had a small prescription pill bottle. “For the pain,” she said. “Keep it iced and elevated, if you can.”

“Thanks,” said Leep, adding: “Maybe I



could go see your dad with you, next time you go.”

“I don’t think so,” said Theresa.

“I’d help pay for gas,” said Leep. “My car is getting new brakes.”

“You don’t need to pay for gas,” Theresa sighed.

“Maybe you could tell me then about that thing in the parking lot,” said Leep.

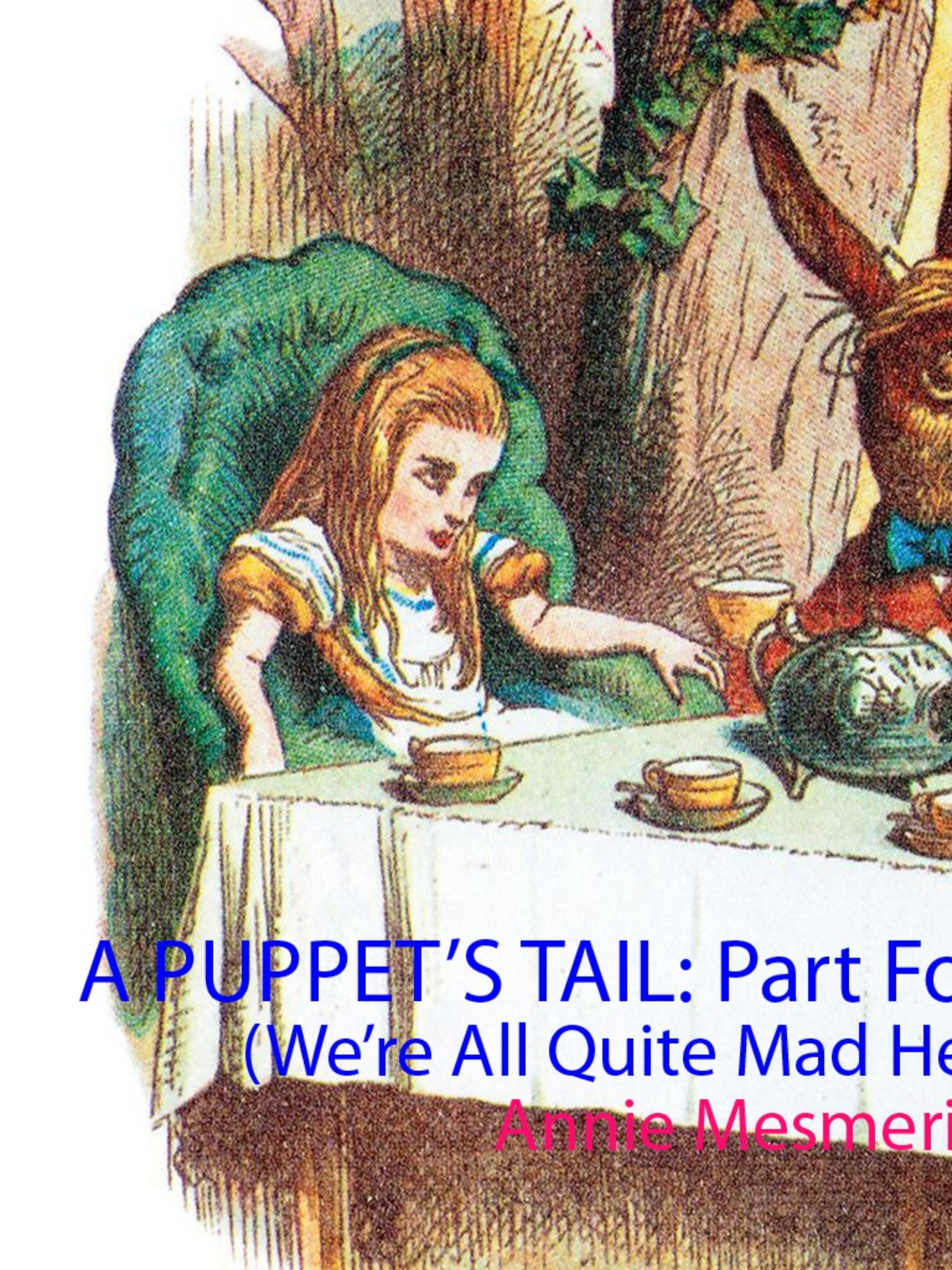
“Maybe I will,” said Theresa.

• r — e — z •



CAT BOCCACCIO

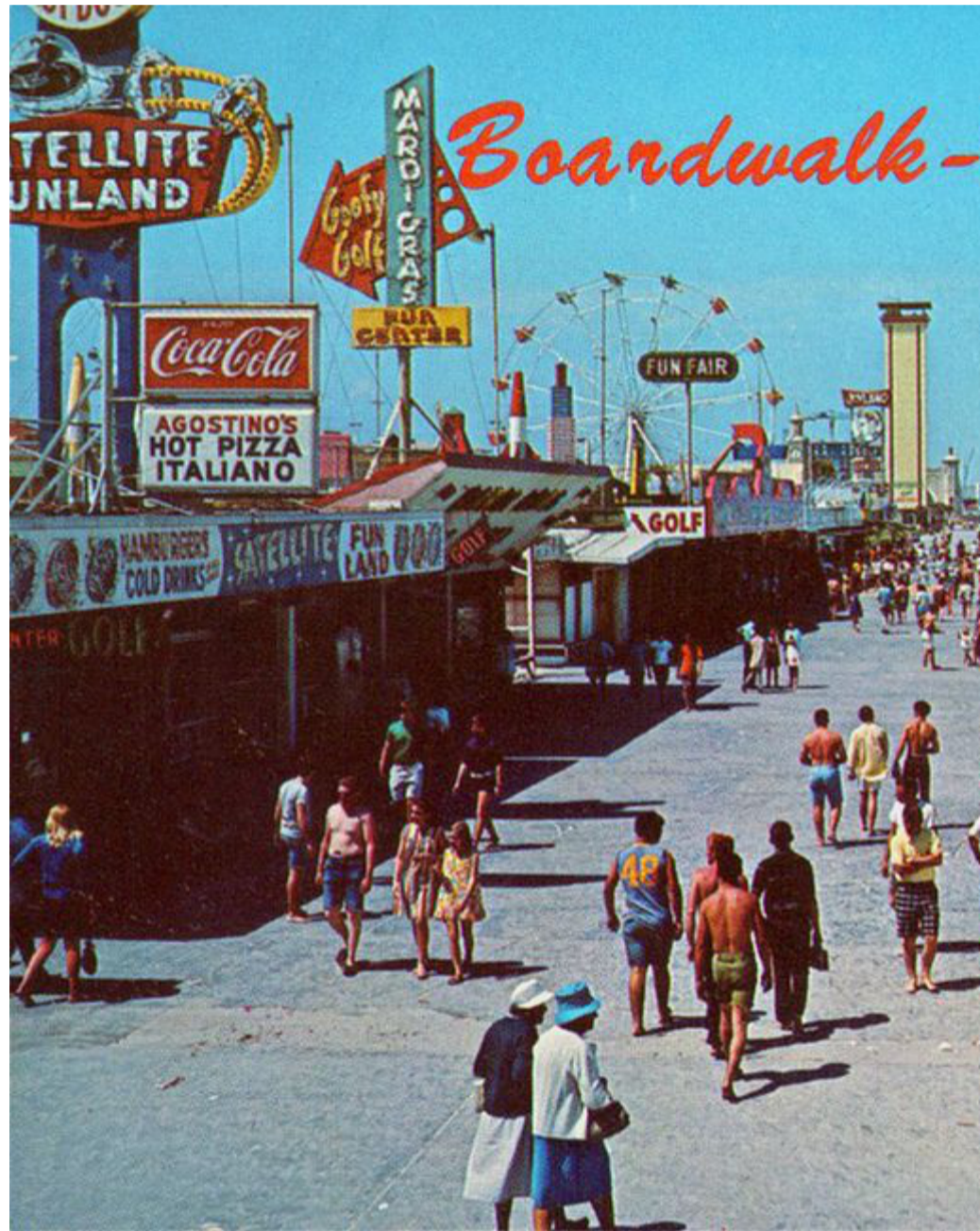
Second Life
Photography



A PUPPET'S TAIL: Part Four
(We're All Quite Mad Here)
Annie Mesmer

Meanwhile, I had to find a place to live close to Marco Polo Park, home to my new summer job as a puppeteer in a Florida theme park. The rest of our group had chosen to share apartments in Daytona Beach, but I simply refused to live in a large apartment complex, not to mention I wanted to take advantage of living in a beach town. At first, I found a garage apartment a little over a block from the ocean in Daytona where I spent my days off learning how to body surf. About 600 feet from shore was a sandbar where it was only about three feet deep, and was the perfect spot to wait for the perfect wave, which by Daytona standards was about five feet at most. As the wave approached, I would swan-dive towards the beach, arching my back then control my balance and direction with my hands swept behind me, my face high out of the water while being hurled head-first towards the beach, with the landing usually resulting in a bit of sand rash. I was also within walking distance of the downtown strip of stores, including my favorite, The Indian Creek Store, where all they sold were oranges and juice. For one dollar, I could buy two 16-oz paper cups of orange juice squeezed while I watched. The first would go down immediately on a hot summer day, while the second was carried out for a leisurely stroll to the beach. Orange crates were somewhat

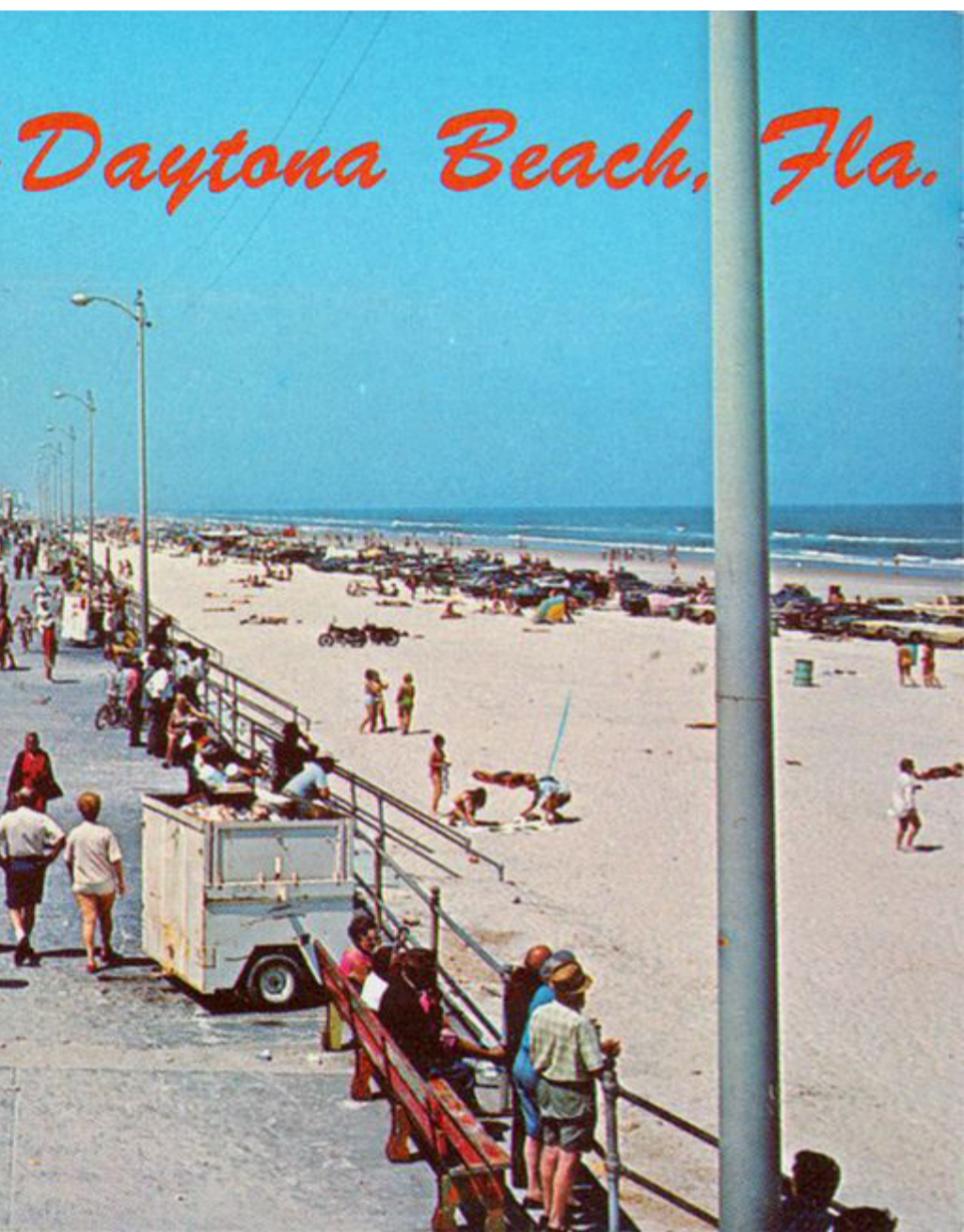
of a disposable commodity and made perfect shelves when turned on their sides so, legal or not, I appropriated a couple one night to sit on top of my antique wooden travel trunk. In the evenings, I sat on my landlord's back stoop and listened to his harrowing



tales of his days before retirement when he was a "beam walker" on construction sites in downtown Manhattan.

More people were being hired in the park and the construction people were still laying down fresh tar walkways

the day before the park opened. On this day, I had amused myself by deciding to be a different person, some drug-crazed freak wearing part of a green furry sleeve that was cut off from one of the hand puppets and wearing it as a hat with the excess length flopped over



on the side, making it look a bit like a green Cossack's hat. During work breaks, I scouted out what the park had to offer and walked into the camera shop. A notice pinned on their bulletin board caught my attention... The shop manager was renting a duplex on A1A just north of Daytona in Flagler Beach

and right across the highway from the Atlantic Ocean. The price was affordable, so I asked about it for curiosity's sake. CT was the manager, a fairly laid back intelligent man in his early 30s with a friendly air and unabashed by my new personality or my fuzzy fez. His claim to fame was frequenting a bar in Nashville where he became friends with a bartender named Kristofferson. As we talked, I kept noticing this attractive, tan, dark-haired young lady eavesdropping on our conversation. Since he lived in the upstairs apartment of the duplex, he offered to get me to work every day. I rented it, sight unseen. It was cheaper, I didn't have to deal with the others, it was right across the highway from the Atlantic Ocean, and I had a ride to work. I was moving to Paradise!

My new duplex faced the ocean with a patio and empty lot out front. Leaving my bedroom door open at night, the sunrise woke me the next morning as it beamed through my front windows. First thing, I pulled on a swimsuit and ran out my front door until I hit the cold water about 100 feet later. After a quick swim, I went back, rinsed off, fixed breakfast and ate on my front patio while watching the early morning sun over the water, not leaving for work until about 9AM. The ride to the park with CT was a thrill of its own, driving through back-road swampy areas where alligators would stroll



within a few feet of the road. The biggest non-surprise was the next day when the beautiful lady from the camera shop showed up. Sunday was lovely, smart, younger than I, was crazy in a good way, the daughter of a professional gambler and yes, surprise, she and CT were secret lovers. Upstairs, all of the "the rules" were explained, mainly that this was a huge secret since CT was her boss, but what did I care? all the while looking out his front window at the ocean and beach.

The three of us became close friends that summer. On my days off, Sunday would pick me up and we'd drive north up A1A to a beach bar and she'd treat me to a "Brandy Alexander with Couivoisier." All three of us had birthdays around the first of August so we took a celebratory trip to St. Augustine, replete with a tour of the Castillo de San Marcus, Ripley's Museum in the old Warden Castle, the Old City Jail, a stroll thru the Plaza de la Constitución, best known as a

former slave market, and finally thru the Old City Gates to one of the local taverns. Sunday taught me how not to act like a tourist in Florida with advice like, "...don't swat the mosquitoes" and "...don't smell like coconuts!", all while mosquitos danced on her face and arms. Also that getting that deep bronze Florida tan consisted of going out the first day, staying in the sun until visibly burned, then as your skin starts to peel, you just keep going back out in the sun until the peeling is done and you become a new color. While this no-tanning-oil tanning created a lovely deep bronze tone, i can only imagine what their skin doctor bills are like today.

Address settled, puppeteering five days a week, four shows a day.... feeling like a celebrity.... miles from home, nobody to be, new friends to get to know....

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RoseDrop Rust

Sustainable Predation

Dateline: April 3rd, 2020.

The best-selling book, "The Ethical Omnivore," the development of assignable stem cell limb regeneration leading to the ability to grow addition limbs on livestock, has resulted in the newest food fashion trend known exuberantly as "sustainable predation." "I feel great that I can eat a leg of lamb that was just getting in the way for my pet "White-as-Snow." In other news: parents scandalized by new "Urban Rancher" rock band song "Bloody Midnight Snack."

The visit rakshowes

The gunner ran from the gummy cunny,
After becoming chummy and thinking yummy....

She laid full back with a drawn-out sigh,
And he cracked the crust like an apple pie.
A long time since she'd had a guy,
A very long time; she'd had to lie,
But he was moving on her bed,
After she had given him generous head,

And waited now akimbo laid,
A handsome sum he had just paid.
She would feel him now; a generous fella,
In dim lighting in a musty old cellar.

The gunner now was less than willing,
He'd sampled the apple pie's souring filling,
On the end of his knob sat a jelly like blob,
It was less like apple and more like a clod.
And sweet but no, sour it tasted,
He rightly knew his money was wasted.

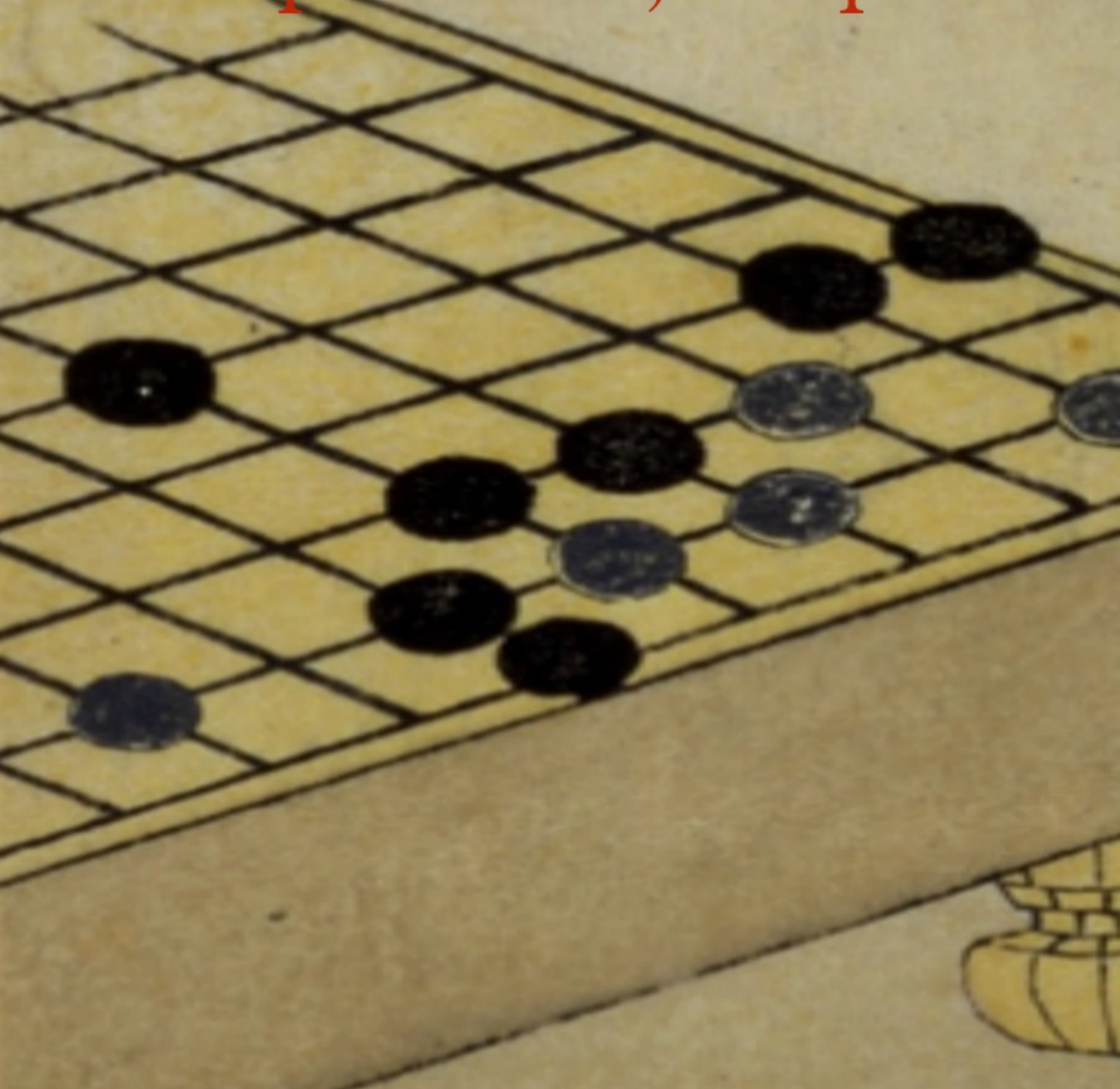
The gunner ran from the gummy cunny,
Not even waiting to get back his money....

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Deep Blue, AlphaG



黒大先
白小生

Go and the Kido Sim

by Jami Mills



Go and the Kido Sim

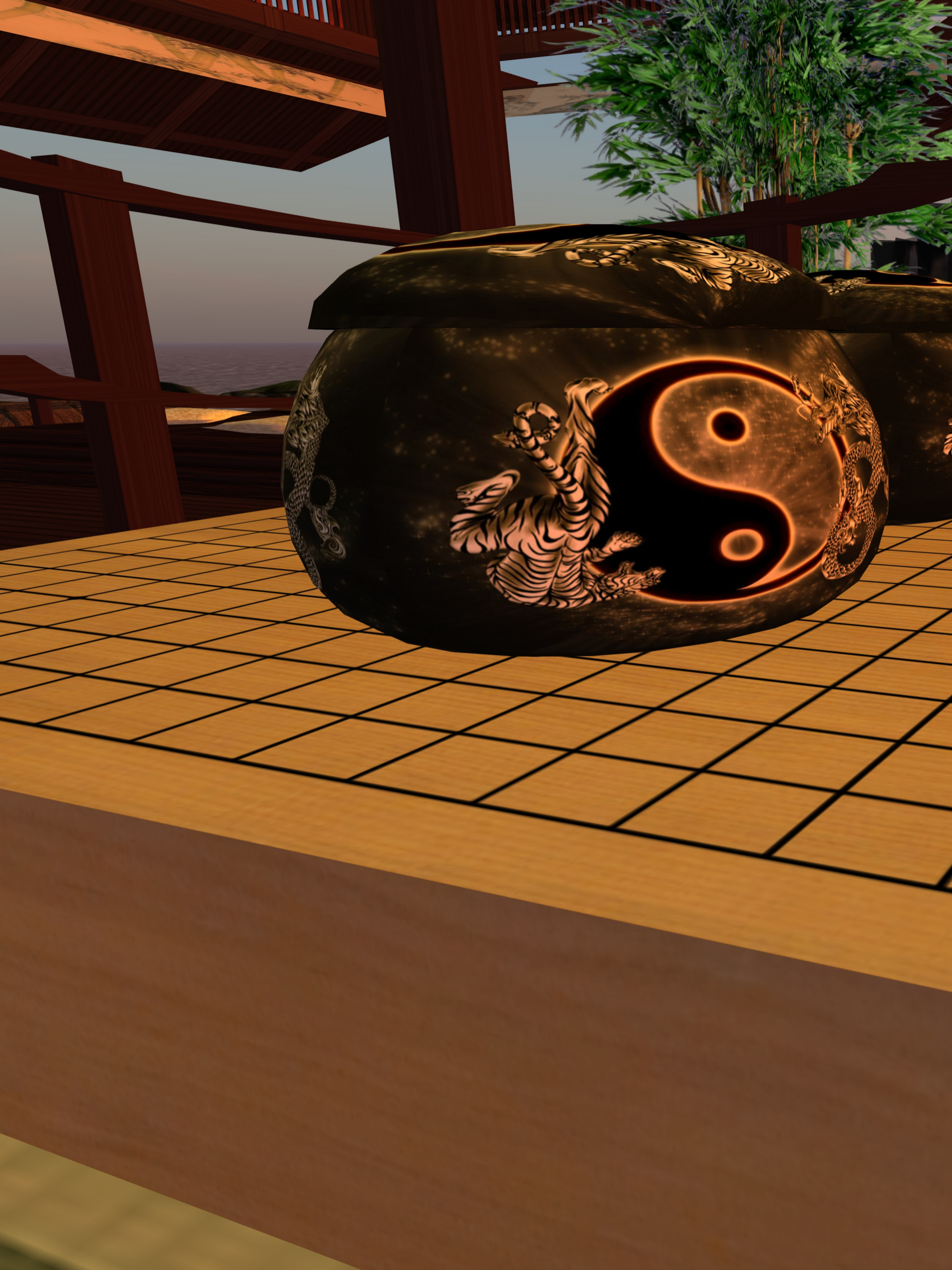


For thousands of years, chess has been regarded, first and foremost, as a game of intelligence. In 1996, IBM had the temerity to challenge reigning chess champion, Garry Kasparov, to a chess match in Philadelphia. Kasparov had been world champion for 12 years and was the highest ranked chess player in history, higher than even the mercurial

Bobby Fisher. The question that begged for an answer was posed by Nate Silver: “Who has primacy – a tangle of circuits and silicon, or a reasoning, feeling human?” For a wonderful short film about the match, see *The Epic Match of Our Time* <http://fivethirtyeight.com/features/the-man-vs-the-machine-fivethirtyeight-films-signals/>.











IBM pitted its best chess computer, Deep Blue, against Kasparov, only to watch Deep Blue go down to an ignominious defeat, 4 to 2. But Deep Blue made its point: a computer program was proven to be capable of defeating a world champion in a

classical game under tournament regulations. As all unsuccessful challengers are wont to do, Deep Blue (well, IBM) demanded a rematch. A year later in New York City, Kasparov got his comeuppance and lost to Deep Blue, 3-1/2 to 2-1/2. This time it was



Kasparov who suggested a third, best-of-three match, but IBM would hear nothing of it, having proven its program's superiority.

Like chess, the ancient Chinese game of Go has also been thought to be a

measure of intelligence, creativity, intuition and skill. Twenty years after Deep Blue defeated Kasparov, the world's best Go computers still had not managed to beat a 9-dan (the highest professional ranking) professional Go player.

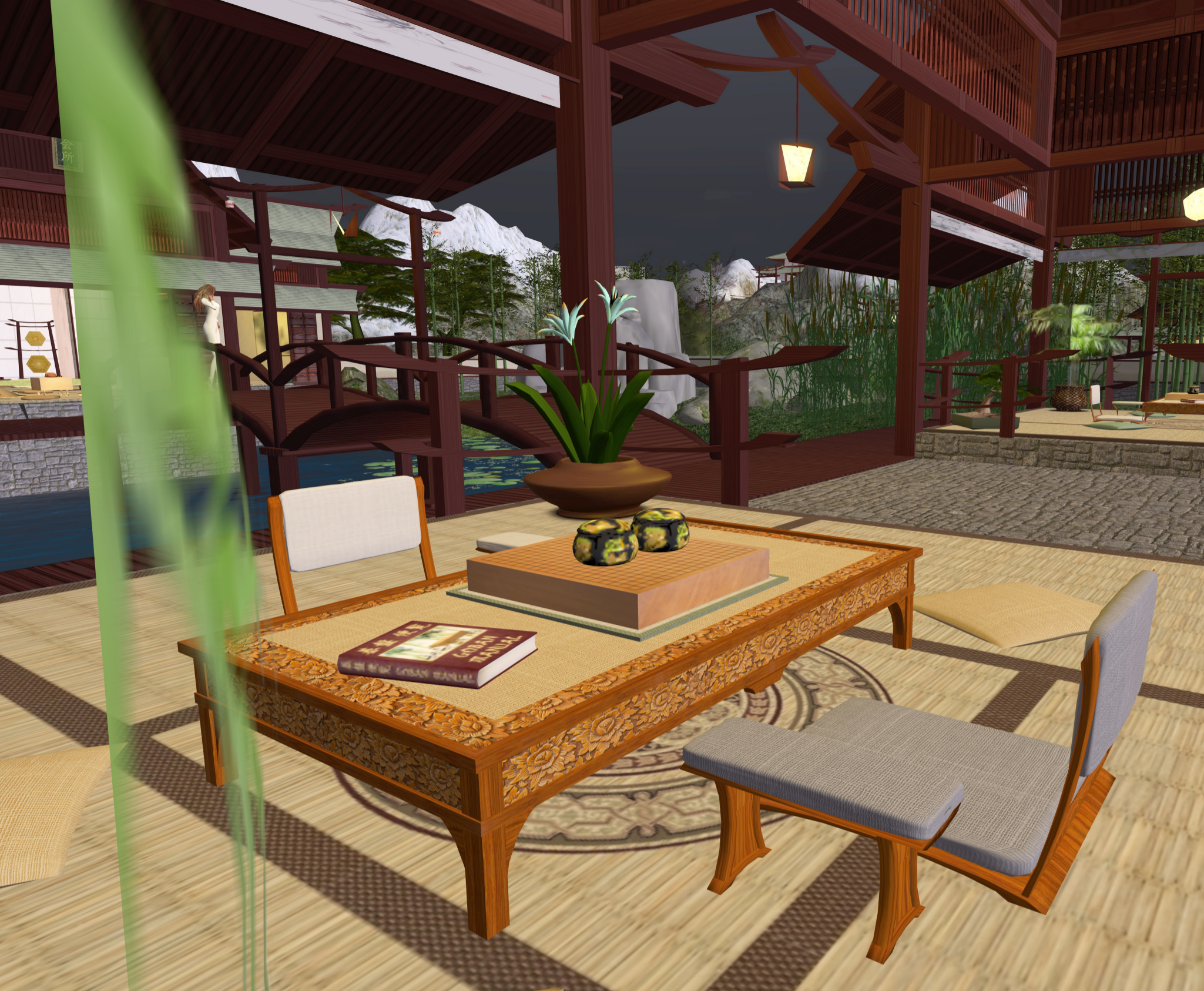
Google entered the fray with its computer, AlphaGo, and in March of this year, challenged the South Korean Go giant, Lee Sedol, to a match. Where Deep Blue mainly relied on brute computational force (it was said to be capable of analyzing 200 million positions in a second), AlphaGo also relied on a Monte Carlo tree search methodology, a heuristic search algorithm utilizing reinforcement learning and neural networks that more closely resemble human decision-making.

Never before had a computer been able to defeat a 9-dan player. But in a stunning series of games played over a six-day period, AlphaGo whipped into submission one of the greatest Go players ever. Out of five games, Sedol was only able to beat AlphaGo once, in Game Four. After this notorious victory, world-wide interest in Go exploded.

Which leads me to Kido, the beautiful and tranquil sim in Second Life, devoted to the game of Go. Kido was created by Silent Ying (a German dan-







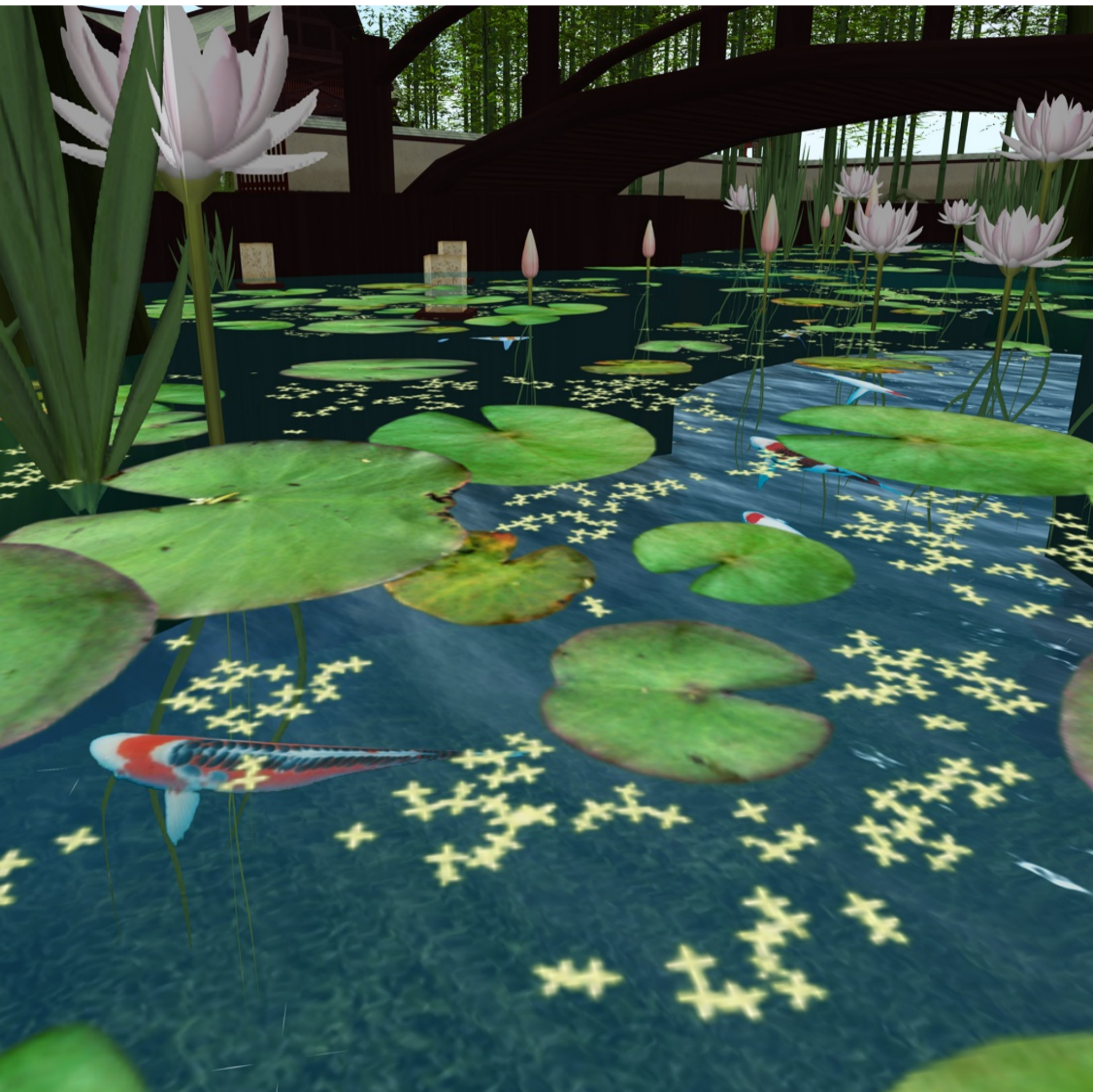
level player) for beginners and experts alike. Kido has an extensive art gallery featuring Go-themed pieces. Tai Chi devotees can find a peaceful area to practice their art, and several areas lend themselves perfectly to meditation. A beautiful koi pond is a particularly nice place to sit and relax. The main pavilion is a nice place to pick up a game or simply sit and listen to music. Of course, the focus at Kido is on the game itself.

Go is particularly well-suited to online play, and translates quite well to Second Life. Silent Ying offers sophisticated Go boards for sale at Kido, as well as at Marketplace (priced around 1500 lindens). The boards offer scoring, handicapping, and different sized game board capability (beginners often start learning the game on a 9x9 board, advancing to a 13x13 board and, eventually, to the regulation 19x19 board).

So if you're at all intrigued by Go, or think you would like to learn the game, a trip to Kido would be a good place to start. From my own personal experience, however, finding a sensei (teacher/mentor) is essential to progressing quickly and acquiring an appreciation for the deep beauty of this

game. The rules are surprisingly simple to learn, but to master the intricacies of this marvelous game requires a lifetime of devotion.

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